

## **The immigrant**

I longed to leave  
despaired of opportunity  
often abandoned faint flickers  
of hope.

Then suddenly seized  
unexpected, absurd possibility  
and left  
the whole bloody mess  
behind me.

The tortured land  
of my service, my citizenry  
a receding memory.

For over a year  
I've walked on safer streets  
in variable weather  
with less noise  
wearing a bigger smile  
but strangely silent.

While agonizing over this  
complacency  
which has swallowed  
creativity  
a new thought...  
Perhaps my silence is  
the muted sound of amazement.  
It actually worked.  
I'm an expatriate  
I'm an immigrant.

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